THE

Merry Maid of Shoreditch,

Her Reſolution and Good Counſel to all her Fellow Maids;

And ſays, that ſhe will never tye her ſelf to a Crab-Tree ſo long as ſhe has a whole Wood to Range in.

The Tune is, I have a Miſtris of my own: *Or,* Hold Buckle and Thong together.

YOu young Maids all, where e're you be,
I pray you now come hear this Ditty;
And I hope you will all agree,
you cannot ſay but it is pretty:
I've lived a Maid theſe twenty Years,
and never was no Young-mans Debtor;
Men are ſo full of Lyes and fears,
that a ſingle life it is the better.

A Young-Man will wooe a pretty Maid,
and Swear, and Lye, and ſay he'l have her,
Until he hath her heart betray'd,
to get his will and ſo to leave her:
But young maids you muſt be very wiſe,
for young-men they will you inſetter,
They ſtrive to make of you a prize,
but a ſingle life it is the better.

For whilſt a maid doth keep unwed,
young men will give to her great Honour
But if ſhe chance to bring a knave to her bed,
then he'l not care what does come on her:
But get her Children year by year,
and croſs and ver, and ſtrive to vret her,
For a married Wife's ne'r out of care,
a ſingle life it is the better.

While a maid lives a ſingle life,
ſhe may ſit and talk with any ſtranger,
But after ſhe is made a wife,
if ſhe do the like there is great danger:
So maids, if you can be content,
be not drawn in to a young-mans fetter,
Leſt afterwards you do repent,
then to live ſingle it is better.

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There is many a Maid that hath been wed,
both in Country, Town and City,
To careless Husbands, I am afraid,
which grieves their wives, the more's the pitty
Therefore young Maids let's have a care,
and believe no lyes that young men flatter,
They spare no words they can devise,
but a single life it is the better.

Young-men will shew great store of love,
and have young maids drink wine and sherry,
And their hearts within do as rotten prove,
to give you drink to overcome you:
The Devil himself is not so false
as some men be, I will not Flatter,
To bring a Maiden to their Bow,
but a single life it is the better.

So Maidens that do live i'th row,
you must be careful of this matter,
I've have you all for to do so,
and believe no young-men when they Flatter,
Besides they sweeten you up so brave,
with sugred kisses that will fetter,
And another thing if you will it have,
but a single life it is more better.

There's scarce a young-man that is in ten,
that will prove loyal to a maiden,
But will prate and lye, and cogg and feign,
as though his heart with Love was laden:
But will dissemble more or less,
for to stand him when he charged,
And so undoes that silly Lass,
and then her trouble is inlarged.

Young Maidens all look too't in time,
when as you go for to marry,
Be sure to chuse an honest man,
or else you'd better longer tarry:
For an honest man will ne'r you wrong,
but a Knave will be to you a fretter,
It is quickly done, and long thought on,
for to live single you had better.

FINIS.

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